LVCRECE.



LONDON,
Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison.
1600.

1900



ГЛАСЪ Е.

22347

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, HENRY Wriothesley, Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of *Titchfield.*

THe loue I dedicate to your Lordshippe is without end, wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moitie. The warrant I haue of your Honourable dispositon, not the worth of my vntutord lines makes it assured

of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to do is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life still lengthened with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE ARGVMENT.

LVcius Tarquinius (*for his exceſſiue pride ſurnamed* Superbus) *after he had cauſed his owne father in lawe* Seruius Tullius *to bee cruelly murthered, and contrary to the Romane lawes and cuſtomes, not requiring or ſtaying for the peoples ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his ſonnes and other noble men of Rome, to beſiege* Ardea; *during which ſiege, the principall men of the Armie meeting one eueuing at the tent of* Sextus Tarquinius *the kings ſonne, in their diſcourſes after ſupper, euerie one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whome* Colatinus *extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his wife* Lucretia. *In that pleaſant humor they all poſted to Rome, and intending by their ſecret & ſodain arriuall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, only* Colatinus *findes his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reueling, or in ſeuerall diſports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded* Colatinus *the victorie, and his wife the fame. At that time* Sextus Tarquinius *being enflamed with* Lucrece *beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſions for the preſent, departed with the reſt backe*

to the Campe: from whence he shortly after priuily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently rauisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demaunded the cause of her sorrowe. She first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the actor, and whole maner of his dealing, and withall sodainly stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and maner of the vile deede: with a bitter inuective against the tyrannie of the King: wherewith the people were so moued, that with one consent, and a generall acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled and the state gouernment changed from Kings to Consuls.

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THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

FRom the beſieged Ardea all in poſt,
Borne by the truſtleſſe wings of falſe Deſire,
Luſt-breathed TARQVIN leaues the Romane hoſt,
And to Colatium beares the lightleſſe fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waſt
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRECE the chaſt.

Hap'ly that name of chaſt, vnhap'ly ſet
This bateleſſe edge on his keene appetite:
When COLATINE vnwiſely did not let
To praiſe the cleare vnmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:
Where mortall ſtars as bright as heauens beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in TARQVINS tent,
Vnlockt the treaſure of his happy ſtate:
What priceleſſe wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at ſuch high proud rate,
That Kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But King nor Prince to ſuch a peerleſſe Dame.

O happineſſe enioy'd but of a few,
And if poſſeſt as ſoone decayed and done:
As is the mornings ſiluer melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
Are weaklie fortreſt from a world of harmes.

Beautie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade
The eyes of men without an Orator,
What needeth then Apologies be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſinguler?
Or why is COLATINE the publiſher
Of that rich iewell he ſhould keepe vnknown,
From theeuiſh eares becauſe it is his owne?

Perchance his boaſt of LVCRECE Souraignty,
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a king:
For by our eares our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing
Brauing compare, diſdainefully did ſting (vant,
His high pitcht thoughts that meaner men ſhould
That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimely thought did inſtigate,
His all too timeleſſe ſpeed, if none of thoſe,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.
O rath falſe heate, wrapt in repentance cold,
Thy haſtie ſpring ſtil blaſts and nere growes old.

When

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When at Colatia this falſe Lord arriued,
Well was he welcom'd by the Romane Dame,
Within whoſe face beautie and vertue ſtriued,
Which of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.
When Vertue brag'd, Beautie would bluſh for ſhame,
When Beautie boaſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

But Beautie in that white intituled,
From VENVS doues doth challenge that faire field,
Then Vertue claimes from beautie, beauties red,
Which Vertue gaue the golden age to gild
Their ſiluer cheekes, and cald it then their ſhield:
Teaching them thus to vſe it in the fight,
When ſhame aſſaild, the red ſhold fence the white.

This Heraldrie in LVCRECE face was ſeene,
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queene,
Prouing from worlds minoritie their right,
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The ſouereignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each others ſeat.

This ſilent warre of Lillies and of Roſes,
Which TARQVIN view'd in her faire faces field:
In their pure ranks his traytor eye encloſes,
Where leaſt betweene them both it ſhould be kild,
The coward captiue vanquiſhed, doth yeeld
To thoſe two armies, that would let him go,
Rather then triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now

Now thinks he that her husbands shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praisd her so:
In that high taske hath done her beautie wrong:
Which farre exceedes his barren skill to show.
Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,
Inchanted TARQVIN answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this deuill,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper:
"For vnstaind thoughts do seldome dreame on euill.
"Birds neuer lim'd, no secret bushes feare:
So guiltlesse she securely giues good cheare,
And reuerend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whose inward ill no outward harme expreſt.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
Hiding base sinne in pleates of Maiesty:
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Saue sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;
But poorely rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more.

But she that neuer cop't with stranger eyes,
Could picke no meaning from their parling locks,
Nor read the subtill shining secrecies
Writ in the glasſie margents of such bookes,
She toucht no vnknowne baits, nor feard no hookes,
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More then his eyes were opend to the light.

He

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He ſtories to her eares her husbands fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Italy:
And decks with praiſes COLATINES high name,
Made glorious by his manly chiualrie,
With bruiſed armes and wreaths of victorie,
Her ioy with heau'd-vp hand ſhe doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greets heauen for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there:
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſtring weather,
Doth yet in his faire Welkin once appeare,
Till ſable Night, mother of dread and feare,
Vpon the world dim darkneſſe doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſtowes the day.

For then is TARQVIN brought vnto his bed,
Intending wearineſſe with heauie ſprite:
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
With modeſt LVCRECE, and wore out the night.
Now leaden ſlumber with liues ſtrength doth fight,
And euery one to reſt themſelues betake, (wake
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth TARQVIN lie reuoluing
The ſundry dangers of his wils obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his will reſoluing. (ning.
Though weake-built hopes perſwade him to abſtai-
Deſpaire to gaine doth traſike oft for gaining,
And when great treaſure is the meed propoſed,
Though death be adiũct, ther's no death ſuppoſed.

Thoſe

Thoſe that much couet are with gaine ſo fond,
That what they haue not, that which they poſſeſſe
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more they haue but leſſe,
Or gaining more, the profite of exceſſe
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſuſtaine, (gaine.
That they prooue banckrout in this poore rich

The ayme of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth, and eaſe in waining age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battels rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in venturing ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much, torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we do neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting TARQVIN make,
Pawning his honour to obtaine his luſt:
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake:
Then where is trueth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he thinke to find a ſtranger iuſt,
When he himſelfe, himſelfe confounds, betrayes
To ſclandrous tongues, & wretched hateful dayes?

Now

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Now ſtole vpon the time the dead of night,
When heauie ſleepe had cloſed vp mortall eyes,
No comfortable ſtarre did lend his light,
No noiſe but Owles & wolues death-boding cries:
Now ſerues the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
The ſillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & ſtill,
While Luſt and Murder wakes to ſtaine and kill.

And now this luſtfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,
Is madly toſt betweene deſire and dred?
Th'one ſweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,
But honeſt feare, bewitcht with luſtes foule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainſicke rude deſire.

His Faulchon on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparkes of fire doe flie,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be lodeſtarre to his luſtfull eye.
And to the flame thus ſpeakes aduiſedly,
As from this cold flint I enforſt this fire,
So LVCRECE muſt I force to my deſire.

Heere pale with feare he doth premeditate
The dangers of his lothſome enterpriſe:
And in'inward minde he doth debate,
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe.
Then looking ſcornefully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughtered luſt,
And iuſtly thus controls his thoughts vniuſt.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And dim vnhallowed thoughts, before you blot
With your vncleanneſſe, that which is diuine:
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede, (weed.
That ſpots & ſtaines loues modeſt ſnow-white

O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining armes,
O ſowle diſhonor to my houſhoulds graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes.
A martiall man to be ſoft Fancies ſlaue,
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould haue,
Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea though I die the ſcandale will ſuruiue,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coate:
Some lothſome daſh the Herrald will contriue,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my poſteritie ſham'd with the note
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſinne,
To wiſh that I their father had not bin.

What winne I if I gaine the thing I ſeeke?
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,
Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or ſels eternitie to get a toy?
For one ſweete grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,
Would with the ſcepter ſtraight be ſtroken down?

If

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If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to preuent?
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage.
This dying vertue, this surviuing shame.
Whose crime will beare an euer during blame.

O what excuse can my inuention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false hart bleede?
The guilt being great, the feare doth still exceede;
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife:
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall and reprouing.
My will is strong, past reasons weake remouing:
Who feares a sentence or an old mans saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

Thus graceleſſe holds he diſputation,
Tween frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Vrging the worſer ſence for vantage ſtill.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effectes, and doth ſo farre proceede,
That what is vile, ſhewes like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, ſhe tooke me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tydings in my eager eyes,
Fearing ſome hard newes from the warlike band,
Where her beloued COLATINVS lies.
O how her feare did make her colour riſe!
Firſt red as Roſes that on Lawne we lay,
Then white as Lawne the Roſes tooke away.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,
Forſt it to tremble with her loyal feare:
Which ſtroke her ſad, and then it faſter rockt,
Vntill her husbands welfare ſhe did heare.
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweete a cheare,
That had NARCISSVS ſeene her as ſhe ſtood,
Self-loue had neuer drown'd him in the floud.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All Orators are dumbe when beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorſe in poore abuſes,
Loue thriues not in the heart that ſhadowes dreadeth
Affection is my Captaine, and he leadeth.
And when his gaudy banner is diſplayd,
The coward fightes, and will not be diſmayd.

Then

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The childish feare auaunt, debating die,
Respect and Reason waite on wrinckled age:
My heart shall neuer countermaund mine eye;
Sad Pause and deepe Regard beseemes the sage,
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, Beauty my prise,
Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weeds: so heedfull feare
Is almost choakt by vnresisted lust.
Away he steales with open listning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:
Both which as seruitors to the vniust,
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly image sits,
And in the selfe same seate sits COLATINE,
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more diuine,
Vnto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therin hartens vp his seruile powers,
Who flattred by their leaders iocond show,
Stuffe vp his lust, as minutes fill vp howres.
And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slauish tribute then they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,
Ech one by him enforſt, retires his ward,
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which driues the creeping theefe to ſome regard.
The threſhold grates the doore to haue him heard.
Night-wandring Weezles ſhreek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind warres with his torch to make him ſtay,
And blowes the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe.
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle ſtickes,
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who ſhould ſay, this gloue to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; returne againe in haſt,
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſſe ornaments are chaſt.

But all theſe poore forbiddings could not ſtay him,
He in the worſt ſence conſtrues their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,
He takes for accidentall things of triall.
Or as thoſe barres which ſtop the hourely diall:
Who with a lingring ſtay his courſe doth let,
Till euery minute payes the houre his debt.

So

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So ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more reioycing to the prime,
And giue the ſneaped birdes more cauſe to ſing.
Paine paies the income of ech precious thing, (ſuch
Huge rockes, high windes, ſtrong pirats, ſhelues &
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,
That ſhuts him from the heauen of his thought,
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,
Hath bard him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelfe impietie hath wrought,
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,
As if the heauens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But in the midſt of his vnfruitfull prayer,
Hauing ſollicited th'eternall power,
That his foule thoughts might cõpaſſe his fair faire,
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the howre,
Euen there he ſtarts, quoth he, I muſt deflowre:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,
My will is backt with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,
The blackeſt ſinne is clear'd with abſolution.
Againſt loues fire, feares froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of Heauen is out, and my ſtie night
Couers the ſhame that followes ſweet delight.

This ſaid, his guilty hand pluckt vp the latch,
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,
The doue ſleepes faſt that this night Owle wil catch.
Thus treaſon workes ere traitors be eſpied.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent ſteps aſide;
But ſhe ſound ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercie of his mortall ſting.

Into the chamber wickedly he ſtalkes,
And gazeth on her yet vnſtained bed:
The curtaines being cloſe, about he walkes,
Rowling his greedy eye-bals in his head.
By their high treaſon is his heart miſſe-led,
Which giues the watch-word to his hand ful ſoon,
To draw the cloud that hides the ſiluer Moone.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed Sunne,
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaues our ſight:
Euen ſo the curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that ſhe reflects ſo bright,
That dazleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppoſed,
But blind they are, and keepe themſelues incloſed.

O had they in that darkeſome priſon died,
Then had they ſeene the period of their ill:
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE ſide
In his cleare bed might haue repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill:
And holy-thoughted LVCRECE to their ſight,
Muſt ſell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

Her

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Her lillie hand her roſie cheeke lies vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe:
Who therefore angrie ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.
Betweene whoſe hils her head intombed is;
Where like a vertuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet, whoſe perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,
With pearly ſwet, reſembling deaw of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſty!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortality.
Each in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like iuorie globes circled with blew,
A paire of mayden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honored.
Theſe worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,
Who like a foule vſurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

What could he ſee but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſired?
What he beheld, on that he firmely doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.
With more then admiration he admired
Her azure vaines, her alablaſter skinne,
Her corall lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied:
So ore this ſleeping ſoule doth TARQVIN ſtay,
His rage of luſt by gazing qualified;
Slackt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye which late this mutinie reſtraines,
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like ſtragling ſlaues for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals fell exploits effecting:
In bloudy death and rauiſhment delighting,
Nor childrens teares, nor mothers grones reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting:
Anon his beating heart alarum ſtriking,
Giues the hot charge, & bids thē do their liking.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand:
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on to make his ſtand
On her bare breaſt, the heart of all her land;
Whoſe rancks of blew vaines as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They

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They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
Where their deare gouerneſſe and Lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
She much amaz'd, breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
Who peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleepe by dreadfull fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets euery ioynt a ſhaking,
What terror tis: but ſhe in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thouſand feares,
Like to a new-kild bird ſhe trembling lies:
She dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke-ſhifting Antiques vgly in her eyes.
"Such ſhadowes are the weake-braines forgeries,
Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,
In darkneſſe daunts thē with more dreadful ſights

His hand that yet remaines vpon her breaſt,
(Rude Ram to batter ſuch an iuory wall:)
May feele her heart (poore Citizen) diſtreſt,
Wounding it ſelfe to death, riſe vp and fall;
Beating her bulke, that his hand ſhakes withall.
This moues in him more rage and leſſer pitie,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweete Citie.

Firſt like a Trumpet doth his tongue begin,
To ſound a parley to his hartleſſe foe,
Who ore the white ſheete peeres her whiter chin,
The reaſon of this raſh alarme to know,
Which he by dumbe demeanour ſeeks to ſhow:
But ſhe with vehement prayers vrgeth ſtill,
Vnder what colour he commits this ill?

Thus he replies: the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lillie pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her owne diſgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy neuer-conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beautie hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience muſt my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
which I to conquer ſought with all my might,
But as Reproofe and Reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright Beauty it was newly bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roſe defends,
I thinke the honey guarded with a ſting,
All this before hand counſell comprehends.
But will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends,
Only he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie.
And dotes on what he lookes, gainſt law or duty.

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I haue debated euen in my ſoule,
What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed.
But nothing can affections courſe controule,
Or ſtop the headlong furie of his ſpeed,
I know repentant teares inſue the deed,
Reproch, diſdaine, and deadly enmitie,
Yet ſtriue I to embrace mine infamie.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his Romane blade,
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,
Coucheth the fowle below with his wings ſhade,
Whoſe crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his inſulting Fauchion lies
Harmeleſſe LVCRETIA, marking what he tels,
With trembling feare: as fowle heare Falcons bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I muſt enioy thee,
If thou denie, then force muſt worke my way:
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee.
That done, ſome worthleſſe ſlaue of thine Ile ſlay,
To kill thine honour with thy liues decay.
And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,
Swearing I ſlue him ſeeing thee imbrace him.

So thy ſurviuing husband ſhall remaine
The ſcornefull marke of euery open eye,
Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdaine,
Thy iſſue blurr'd with nameleſſe baſtardy;
And thou the Author of their obloquie,
Shalt haue thy treſpaſſe cited vp in rimes,
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,
"A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.
"The poyſonous ſimple ſometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being ſo applyed,
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens ſake,
Tender my ſuit, bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no deuiſe can take,
The blemiſh that will neuer be forgot:
Worſe then a ſlauiſh wipe, or birth-houres blot,
For markes deſcried in mens natiuitie
Are Natures faults, not their owne infamie.

Here with a Cockatrice dead-killing eye,
He rowſeth vp himſelf, and makes a pauſe,
While ſhe the picture of pure pietie,
Like a white Hind vnder the gripes ſharpe clawes,
Pleads in a wilderneſſe where are no lawes,
To the rowgh beaſt, that knowes no gentle right,
Nor ought obeyes but his foule appetite.

But when a blacke-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim myſt the aſpiring mountaines hiding:
From earths darke-womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which blow theſe pitchy vapours from their biding:
Hindring their preſent fall by this diuiding.
So his vnhallowed haſte her words delayes,
And moody PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes

Yet

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Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weake mouſe panteth,
Her ſad behauiour feeds his vulture Folly,
A ſwallowing gulfe that euen in plenty wanteth.
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her playning, (ning.
"Tears harden luſt, though marble were with rai-

Her pittie-pleading eyes are ſadly fixed
In the remorſeleſſe wrinckles of his face:
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighes is mixed,
Which to her Oratorie ads more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breakes,
That twiſe ſhe doth begin ere once ſhe ſpeaks.

She coniures him by high Almighty Ioue,
By Knighthood, gentrie, and ſweet friendſhips oath,
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,
By holy humaine law, and common troth,
By heauen and earth, and all the power of both:
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
And ſtoope to Honor, not to foule Deſire.

Quoth ſhe, reward not Hoſpitalitie,
With ſuch blacke payment, as thou haſt pretended.
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee;
Marre not the thing that cannot be amended:
End thy ill ayme, before thy ſhoote be ended.
He is no Wood-man that doth bend his bow
To ſtrike a poore vnſeaſonable Doe.

My

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mighty, for thine owne sake leaue me,
My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceipt, do not deceiue me,
My sighs like whirlwinds labor hence to heaue thee:
If euer man were mou'd with womans mones,
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,
Beate at thy rockie, and wracke-threatning heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion:
For stones dissolu'd, to water do conuert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pity enters at an yron gate.

In TARQVINS likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?
To all the Hoste of Heauen I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his honor, woundst his princely name
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;
For kings like gods should gouerne euery thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage.
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away,
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This

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This deed will make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs ſtill are feard for loue:
With foule offenders thou perforce muſt beare,
When they in thee the like offences proue:
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.
For Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
Where ſubiects eyes do learne, do reade, do looke.

And wilt thou be the ſchoole where luſt ſhall learne?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſſe wherein it ſhall diſcerne
Authoritie for ſinne, warrant for blame?
To priuiledge diſhonour in thy name.
Thou backſt reproch againſt long liuing laud,
And mak'ſt faire Reputation but a baud.

Haſt thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee
From a pure heart command thy rebell will:
Draw not thy ſword to gard iniquitie,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfill?
When patern'd by thy fault, foule ſinne may ſay,
He learnd to ſinne, and thou didſt teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſſe in another:
Mens faults do ſeldome to themſelues appeare,
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That frō their own miſdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,
Not to seducing lust thy rash relyer:
I sue for exil'd maiesties repeale,
Let him returne, and flattring thoughts retire.
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,
That thou shalt see thy state and pittie mine.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.
Small lightes are soone blowen out, huge fires abide,
And with the winde in greater furie fret:
The pettie streames that paie a dayly det
To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals hast,
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne king,
And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,
Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, misgouerning,
Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy bloud.
If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddles wombe is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaues be king, and thou their slaue,
Thou noblie base, they basely dignified:
Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler graue:
Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
The lesser thing should not the greater hide,
The Cedar stoops not to the base shrubs foote,
But low shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

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So let thy thoughts low vaſſals to thy ſtate.
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not hear thee.
Yeeld to my loue, if not enforced hate,
In ſteed of loues coy touch ſhall rudely teare thee.
That done, deſpightfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto the baſe bed of ſome raſcall groome,
To be thy partner in this ſhamefull doome.

This ſayd, he ſets his foot vpon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
When moſt vnſeene, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The Wolf hath ſeaz'd his praie, the poore lamb cries
Till with her own white fleece her voyce controld,
Intombs her outerie in her lips ſweet fold.

For with the nightly linnen that ſhe weares,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hote face in the chaſteſt teares,
That euer modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that prone luſt ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a bed,
The ſpots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her teares ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would loſe againe,
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentarie ioy breedes months of paine,
This hot deſire conuerts to cold diſdaine;
Pure chaſtitie is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender ſmell or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether bauke,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuours his will, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomite his receipt,
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomnation.
While Luſt is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heate, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelfe-will himſelfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane diſcolour'd cheeke,
With heauie eye, knit brow, and ſtrengthleſſe pace,
Feeble Deſire all recreant, poore and meeke,
Like to a banckrout begger wayles his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, Deſire doth fight with grace;
For there it reuels, and when that decayes,
The guilty rebell for remiſſion prayes.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chaſed,
For now againſt himſelfe he ſounds this doome,
That through the length of times he ſtãds diſgraced;
Beſides his ſoules faire temple is defaced,
To whoſe weake ruines muſter troopes of cares,
To aske the ſpotted Princeſſe how ſhe fares.

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She ſayes her ſubiects with foule inſurrection,
Haue batterd downe her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in ſubiection
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall
To liuing death and paine perpetuall.
Which in her preſcience ſhe controlled ſtil,
But her foreſight could not foreſtall their will.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he ſtea-(leth,
A captiue victor that hath loſt in gaine.
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcarre that will diſpight of Cure remaine,
Leauing his ſpoyle perplext in greater paine.
She beares the loade of luſt he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guiltie mind.

He like a theeuiſh dog creepes ſadly thence,
She like a wearied Lambe lies panting there:
He ſcowles, and hates himſelfe for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nayles her fleſh doth teare.
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty feare;
She ſtayes, exclaiming on the direfull night,
He runnes, and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauie conuertite,
She there remaines a hopeleſſe caſt-away:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light:
She prayes ſhe neuer may behold the day.
For day, quoth ſhe, nights ſcapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that euery eye can ſee,
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelues behold:
And therefore would they ſtill in darkeneſſe be,
To haue their vnſeene ſinne remaine vntold.
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue like water that doth eate in ſteele,
Vpon my cheekes, what helpeleſſe ſhame I feele.

Here ſhee exclaimes againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind,
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her breſt,
And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a mind. (ſpight
Franticke with griefe thus breathes ſhee forth her
Againſt the vnſeene ſecrecie of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,
Dim regiſter, and notarie of ſhame,
Blacke ſtage for tragedies, and murthers fell,
Vaſt ſin-concealing Chaos, nourſe of blame,
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harber for defame,
Grim caue of death, whiſpring conſpirator,
With cloſe tong'd treaſon, and the rauiſher.

O hateſull, vaporous, and foggie night,
Since thou art guiltie of my cureleſſe crime:
Muſter thy myſts to meete the Eaſterne light,
Make warre againſt proportion'd courſe of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His woonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poyſonous cloudes about his golden head.

With

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With rotten damps rauiſh the morning aire,
Let their exhald vnholeſome breaths make ſicke
The life of puritie, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noon-tide prick.
And let thy myſtie vapours march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoakie rankes, his ſmothred light
May ſet at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
The ſiluer ſhining Queene he would diſtaine,
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defild)
Through nights black boſom ſhould not peep againe.
So ſhould I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.

Where now I haue no one to bluſh with me,
To croſſe their armes & hang their heads with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowres of ſiluer brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with grones,
Poore waſting monuments of laſting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking ſmoke
Let not the iealous daie behold that face,
Which vnderneath thy blacke all hiding cloke
Immodeſtly lies martyred with diſgrace.
Keepe ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomie place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
My likewiſe be ſepulcherd in thy ſhade.

Make me not obiect to the tel-tale day,
The light will ſhew characterd in my brow,
The ſtorie of ſweete chaſtities decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlocks vow.
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,
Will quote my lothſome treſpaſſe in my lookes.

The nourſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtorie,
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name:
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
Will couple my reproch to TARQVINS ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that ſenceleſſe reputation,
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted,
And vndeſeru'd reproch to him allotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnſeene ſhame, inuiſible diſgrace!
O vnfelt ſore, creſt-wounding priuate ſcarre!
Reproch is ſtampt in COLATINVS face,
And TARQVINS eye may reade the mot a farre,
How he in peace is wounded, not in warre.
Alas how many beare ſuch ſhamefull blowes,
Which not themſelues but he that giues them knowes.

If

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If COLATINE, thine honor lai'd in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereſt:
My honnie loſt, and I a Drone-like Bee,
Haue no perfection of my ſommer left,
But rob'd and ranſak't by iniurious theft.
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waſpe hath crept,
And ſuck't the honie which thy chaſt Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy honors wracke,
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had beene diſhonor to diſdaine him,
Beſides of wearineſſe he did complaine him,
And talk't of vertue (O vnlookt for euill,)
when vertue is prophan'd in ſuch a Deuill.

Why ſhould the worme intrude the maiden bud,
Or hatefull Cuckcowes hatch in Sparrowes neſts?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?
Or tyrant Follie lurke in gentle breaſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne beheſts?
"But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
"That ſome impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painfull fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining TANTALVS he ſits,
And vſeleſſe barnes the harueſt of his wits:
Hauing no other pleaſure of his gaine
But torment, that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vſe it,
And leaues it to be maiſtred by his yong,
Who in their pride do preſently abuſe it,
Their father was too weake, and they too ſtrong
To hold their curſed-bleſſed fortune long.
"The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to loathed ſowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blaſts waite on the tender ſpring,
Vnwholſome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The Adder hiſſeth where the ſweete birdes ſing,
What Vertue breeds, Iniquity deuours:
We haue no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kils his life, or els his qualititie.

O Opportunitie, thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitors treaſon!
Thou ſets the Wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who euer plots the ſinne, thou pointſt the ſeaſon.
Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon,
And in thy ſhady Cell where none may ſpie him,
Sits Sin to ſeaze the ſoules that wander by him.

Thou makeſt the Veſtall violate her oth,
Thou bloweſt the fire when Temperance is thawd,
Thou ſmotherſt honeſtie, thou murthreſt troth,
Thou foule abbettor, thou notorious baud:
Thou planteſt ſcandall, and diſplaceſt laud.
Thou rauiſher; thou traitor, thou falſe theefe,
Thy honey turnes to gall, thy ioy to griefe.

Thy

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Thy ſecret pleaſure turnes to open ſhame,
Thy priuate feaſting to a publike faſt,
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy ſugred tongue to bitter wormewood taſt,
Thy violent vanities can neuer laſt.
How comes it then, vile opportunitie
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeeke for thee,

When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliants friend,
And bring him where his ſuite may be obtained?
When wilt thou ſort an houre great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoule which wretchednes hath chained?
Giue phyſicke to the ſicke, eaſe to the pained?
The poore, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee
But they nere met with Opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Phyſitian ſleepes,
The Orphane pines while the Oppreſſor feedes;
Iuſtice is feaſting while the widowe weepes,
Aduiſe is ſporting while infection breeds,
Thou graunt'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, enuie, treaſon, rape, and murthers rages
Thy hainous houres waite on them as their pages.

When Trueth and Vertue haue to doe with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy helpe, but Sin nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to heare, as grant what he hath ſayd.
My COLATINE would elſe haue come to me,
When TARQVIN did, but he was ſtayd by thee.

Guiltie thou art of murther, and of theft,
Guilty of periurie, and ſubornation,
Guiltie of treaſon, forgerie, and ſhift,
Guilty of inceſt that abhomination,
An acceſſarie by thine inclination
To all ſinnes paſt, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Miſhapen time, copeſmate of vgly night,
Swift ſubtle poſte, carrier of grieſly care,
Eater of youth, falſe ſlaue to falſe delight,
Baſe watch of woes, ſins packe-horſe, vertues ſnare,
Thou nourſeſt all, and murthreſt all that are.
O heare me then, iniurious ſhifting time,
Be guiltie of my death ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſeruant Opportunitie
Betrayd the houres thou gau'ſt me to repoſe?
Canceld my fortunes, and inchained me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate vp errour by opinion bred,
Not ſpend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending kings,
To vnmaske falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtampe the ſeale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right.
To ruinate proud buildings with thy howers,
And ſmeare with duſt their glittring golde towers

To

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To fill with worme-holes ſtately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from auncient rauens wings,
To drie the old oakes ſappe, and cherish ſprings:
To ſpoile antiquities of hammerd ſteele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To ſlay the Tygre that doth liue by ſlaughter,
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lyon wild,
To mocke the ſubtle in themſelues beguild,
To cheare the Plowman with increaſefull crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchiefe in thy pilgrimage,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt returne to make amends?
One poore retyring minute in an age,
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debters lends,
O this dread night, wouldſt thou one houre come back,
I could preuent this ſtorme, and ſhun thy wracke.

Thou ceaſleſſe lackie to Eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſſe TARQVIN in his flight
Deuiſe extreames beyond extremitie,
To make him curſe this curſed crimefull night:
Let gaſtly ſhadowes his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed euill,
Shape euery buſh a hideous ſhapeleſſe deuill.

Diſturbe

Diſturbe his howres of reſt with reſtleſſe trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones:
Let there bechaunce him pitifull miſchances,
To make him mone, but pitie not his mones:
Stone him with hardned hearts harder then ſtone,
And let mild women to him looſe their mildneſſe,
Wilder to him then Tygres in their wildneſſe.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue time againſt himſelfe to raue,
Let him haue time of Times help to deſpaire,
Let him haue time to liue a lothed ſlaue,
Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,
And time to ſee one that by almes doth liue,
Diſdaine to him diſdained ſcraps to giue.

Let him haue time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merrie fooles to mocke at him reſort:
Let him haue time to marke how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport,
And euer let his vnrecalling crime
Haue time to waile th'abuſing of his time.

O Time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill:
At his owne ſhadow let the theefe run mad,
Himſelfe, himſelfe ſeeke euery houre to kill, (ſpill.
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched bloud ſhould
For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office haue,
As ſlaundrous deaths-man to ſo baſe a ſlaue?

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The baſer is he comming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate:
For greateſt ſcandall waits on greateſt ſtate.
The Moone being clouded, preſently is miſt,
But little ſtarres may hide them when they liſt.

The Crow may bathe his cole-blacke wings in mire,
And vnperceiu'd flie with the filth away,
But if the like the ſnow-white Swan deſire,
The ſtaine vpon his ſiluer Downe will ſtay.
Poore grooms are ſightleſſe night, kings glorious day
Gnats are vnnoted whereſoere they fly,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Out idle words, ſeruants to ſhallow fooles,
Vnprofitable ſounds, weake arbitrators,
Buſie your ſelues in skil-contending ſchooles,
Debate where leaſure ſerues with dull debators:
To trembling Clients be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw,
Since that my caſe is paſt the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at Opportunitie,
At Time, at TARQVIN, and vnchearefull night,
In vaine I cauill with mine infamie,
In vaine I ſpurne at my confirm'd deſpight,
This helpleſſe ſmoke of words doth me no right:
The remedie indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foule defiled blood.

Poore

Poore hand why quiuerſt thou at this decree?
Honour thy ſelfe to rid me of this ſhame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou liu'ſt in my defame;
Since thou couldſt not defend thy loyall Dame,
And waſt afeard to ſcratch her wicked Fo,
Kill both thy ſelfe, and her for yeelding ſo.

This ſaid, from her betumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſp rat Inſtrument of death,
But this no-ſlaughter houſe no toole imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoke from AETNA, that in aire conſumes.
Or that which from diſcharged Cannon fumes.

In vaine (quoth ſhe) I liue, and ſeeke in vaine
Some happie meane to end a hapleſſe life:
I fear'd by TARQVINS Fauchion to be ſlaine,
Yet for the ſelfe ſame purpoſe ſeeke a knife;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyall wife,
So am I now, ô no, that cannot be,
Of that true type hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I ſought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I giue
A badge of Fame to ſclaunders liuerie,
A dying life to liuing infamie.
Poore helpleſſe helpe, the treaſure ſtolne away,
To burne the guiltleſſe caſket where it lay.

Well

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Well well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth:
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
This bastard graffe shall neuer come to growth,
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy gate,
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,
And with my trespasse neuer will dispence,
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.
My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like sluses,
As from a mountaine spring that feedes a dale,
Shall gush pure streames to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended
To ougly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuealing

Reuealing day through euery crannie ſpies,
And ſeemes to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhee ſobbing ſpeakes, ô eye of eyes, (ping,
Why pry'ſt thou through my window? leaue thy pee-
Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are ſleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauils ſhee with euery thing ſhee ſees,
True griefe is fond and teſtie as a childe,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant ſorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So ſhee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds diſputation with ech thing ſhe viewes,
And to her ſelfe all ſorrow doth compare,
No obiect but her paſſions ſtrength renewes,
And as one ſhiftes another ſtraight inſewes,
Somtime her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke afoordes.

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
Make her mones mad with their ſweet melodie,
"For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
"Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie,
"Griefe beſt is pleaſd with griefes ſocietie?
"True ſorrow then is feelinglie ſuffiz'd,
"When with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

"Tis

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"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To see the salue doth make the wound ake more,
"Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good,
"Deepe woes rowle forward like a gentle floud,
Who being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
Within your hollow swelling feathred breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:
"A wofull Hostesse brooks not merry guests.
Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,
"Distresse likes dumps whē time is kept with teares

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,
Make thy sad groue in my disheueld heare,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment,
So I at each sad straine, wil straine a teare,
And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:
For burthen-wise Ile hum on TARQVIN still,
While thou on IEREVS descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bearst thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.
These means as frets vpon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And

And for poore bird thou ſing'ſt not in the day,
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold:
Some darke deepe deſart ſeated from the way,
That knowes not parching heat, nor freeſing cold
Will we find out: and there we will vnfold
To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds
Since mē proue beaſts, let beaſts bear gētle minds

As the poore frighted Deere that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to flie,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her ſelfe is ſhe in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
When life is ſham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my ſelfe, quoth ſhe, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſoules pollution?
They that looſe halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſſe concluſion,
Who hauing two ſweete babes, when death takes
Will ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none. (one,

My body or my ſoule which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made diuine,
Whoſe loue of either, to my ſelfe was nearer?
When both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE.
Ay me, the barke pild from the loftie pine,
His leaues will wither, and his ſap decay,
So muſt my ſoule, her barke being pild away.

Her

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Her houſe is ſackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her manſion batterd by the enemie,
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoylde, corrupted,
Groſlie ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
If in this blemiſht fort I make ſome hole;
Through which I may conuay this troubled ſoule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Haue heard the cauſe of my vntimely death,
That he may vow in that ſad houre of mine,
Reuenge on him that made me ſtop my breath,
My ſtained bloud to TARQVIN ile bequeath,
Which by him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent,
And as his due writ in my teſtament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my bodie ſo diſhonored,
Tis Honor to depriue diſhonord life,
The one will liue, the other being dead.
So of ſhames aſhes ſhall my Fame be bred,
For in my death I murther ſhamefull ſcorne,
My ſhame ſo dead, mine honor is new borne.

Deare Lord, of that deare iewell I haue loſt,
What legacie ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution, loue, ſhal be thy boſt,
By whoſe example thou reueng'd mayſt be.
How TARQVIN muſt be vſ'd, read it in me,
My ſelfe thy friend will kill my ſelfe thy foe,
And for my ſake ſerue thou falſe TARQVIN ſo.

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
My ſoule and body to the Skies and ground:
My reſolution (Husband) doe thou take,
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
My ſhame be his that did my Fame confound;
And all my Fame that liues, disburſed be
To thoſe that liue and thinke no ſhame of me.

Thou COLATINE ſhalt ouerſee this will,
How was I ouerſeene that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My bloud ſhall waſh the ſclander of mine ill,
My lifes foule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay ſo be it.
Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee.
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This plot of death when ſadlie ſhee had laid,
And wip't the briniſh pearle from her bright eyes,
With vntun'd tongue ſhee hoarſlie cald her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſſe hies.
"For fleet wing'd duetie with thoghts feathers flies
Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſſe ſhee doth giue demure good morrow,
With ſoft ſlow tongue, true marke of modeſtie,
And ſorts a ſad looke to her Ladies ſorrow,
(For why her face wore ſorrowes liuerie.)
But durſt not aske of her audaciouſlie,
Why her two ſuns were clowd-eclipſed ſo,
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-waſht with woe.

But

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But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being ſet,
Each flowre moyſtned like a melting eye:
Euen ſo the mayd with ſwelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyen inforc'd, by ſympathie
Of thoſe faire Suns ſet in her miſtreſſe skie,
Who in a ſalt-wau'd Ocean quench their light,
Which makes the mayd weep like the dewy night.

A prettie while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
Like Iuory conduits corall ceſternes filling:
One iuſtly weepes, the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but company of her drops ſpilling.
Their gentle ſex to weepe are often willing,
Grieuing themſelues to geſſe at others ſmarts,
And thē they drown their eys, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall be accounted euill,
Wherin is ſtampt the ſemblance of a deuil.

Their ſmoothneſſe like a goodly champaine plaine,
Layes open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough growne groue remaine
Caue-keeping euils that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chryſtall walles ech little mote will peepe,
Thogh mē can couer crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

No man inueighs againſt the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuoure
Is worthy blame, ô let it not be hild
Poore womens faults, that they are ſo fulfild
With mens abuſes, thoſe proud Lords to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their ſhame.

The preſident whereof in LVCRECE view,
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might inſue,
By that her death to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong:
That dying feare through all her body ſpread,
And who cannot abuſe a body dead?

By this mild Patience bid faire LVCRECE ſpeake
To the poore counterfeit of her complaining:
My girle, quoth ſhe on what occaſion breake
Thoſe teares from thee, that down thy cheeks are rai-
If thou doſt weepe for griefe of my ſuſtaining? (ning?
Know gentle wench, it ſmall auailes my mood,
If teares could hepe, mine own would do me good.

But tell me girle, when went (and there ſhe ſtaid,
Till after a deepe grone) TARQVIN from hence?
Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the maid,)
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus farre can diſpence:
My ſelfe was ſtirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I roſe was TARQVIN gone away.

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But Lady, if your mayd may be so bold,
She would request to know your heauinesse:
O peace (quoth LVCRECE) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is then I can well expresse,
And that deepe torture may be cald a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get me hither paper, inke, and pen,
Yet saue that labour, for I haue them heare,
(What should I say) one of my husbands men
Bid thou be ready by and by, to beare
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,
Bid him with speed prepare to carrie it,
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone, and she prepares to write,
First houering ore the paper with her quill,
Conceipt and Griefe an eager combat fight,
What Wit sets downe is blotted still with Will.
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,
Much like a presse of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou worthie Lord
Of that vnworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe t'afford
(If euer, Loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visite me:
So I commend me, from our house in griefe,
My woes are tedious, though my words are briefe.

Here folds she vp the tenure of her woe,
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely,
By this short Cedule COLATINE may know
Her griefe, but not her griefs true qualitie.
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Least he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her Passion,
She hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighs & grones, & tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her
Frō that suspition which the world might beare her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, til action might become them better.

To see sad sights moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interprets to the eare
The heauy motion that it doth behold,
When euery part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,
Deep sounds make lesser noise thē shallow foords
And sorrow ebs, being blowne with wind of words

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,
The Post attends, and she deliuers it,
Charging the sowr-fac'd groome, to high as fast
As lagging foules before the Northren blast.
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,
Extremity stil vrgeth such extremes.

The

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The homely villaine curſies to her low,
And blushing on her with a ſted faſt eye,
Receiues the ſcroll without or yea or no,
And forthwith bashfull innocence doth hie,
But they whoſe guilt within their boſomes lie,
Imagine euery eye beholds their blame,
For LVCRECE thoght he blusht to ſee her ſhame.

When ſeely Groome (God wot) it was defect
Of ſpirite, life, and bold audacitie,
Such harmeleſſe creatures haue a true reſpect
To talke in deedes, while others ſaucily
Promiſe more ſpeede, but do it leyſurely.
Euen ſo this patterne of the worne-out age,
Pawn'd honeſt lookes, but layd no words to gage.

His kindled dutie kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
She thought he blusht, as knowing TARQVINS luſt
And blushing with him, wiſtly on him gazed,
Her earneſt eye did make him more amazed:
The more ſhe ſaw the bloud his cheekes repleniſh,
The more ſhe thoght he ſpied in her ſome blemiſh.

But long ſhe thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous vaſſall ſcarce is gone,
The wearie time ſhe cannot entertaine,
For now tis ſtale to ſigh, to weepe, and grone,
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tyred mone,
That ſhe her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pawſing for meanes to mourne ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe cals to mind where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,
Before the which is drawne the power of Greece,
For HELENS rape the citie to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing ILLION with annoy,
Which the conceipted Painter drew ſo proud,
As heauen (it ſeem'd) to kiſſe the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable obiects there,
In ſcorne of Nature, Arte gaue liueleſſe life,
Many a drie drop ſeem'd a weeping teare,
Shed for the ſlaughtred husband by the wife.
The red bloud reek'd to ſhew the painters ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their aſhy lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you ſee the labouring Pyoner
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt,
And from the towres of Troy there would appeare
The verie eyes of men through loope-holes thruſt,
Gazing vpon the Greeks with little luſt,
Such ſweet obſeruance in this work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe farre off eyes looke ſad.

In great commaunders, Grace and Maieſtie
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And here and there the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.
Which hartleſſe peaſants did ſo wel reſemble,
That one wold ſweare he ſaw thē quake & tremble

In

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In AIAX and VLYSSES, ô what Arte
Of Phisiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd eithers heart,
Their face, their maners most expresly told,
In AIAX eyes blunt rage and rigor rold.
But the mild glance that slie VLYSSES lent,
Shew'd deepe regard and smiling gouerment.

There pleading might you see graue NESTOR stand
As't were incouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath, which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a prease of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduise:
All ioyntly listning, but with seuerall graces,
As if some Marmaid did their eares intise,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,
To iumpe vp higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand lean'd on anothers head.
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours care,
Here one being throng'd bears backe all boln & red,
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,
As but for losse of NESTORS golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Conceipt deceitfull, ſo compact ſo kind,
That for ACHILLES image ſtood his ſpeare
Gript in an armed hand, himſelfe behind
Was left vnſeene, ſaue to the eye of mind,
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of ſtrong beſieged Troy,
When their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to field,
Stood many Troiane mothers ſharing ioy,
To ſee their youthfull ſonnes bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they ſuch odde action yield,
That through their light ioy ſeemed to appeare,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heauie feare.

And frō the ſtrond of DARDAN where they fought,
To SIMOIS reedy banks the red bloud ran,
Whoſe waues to imitate the battell ſought
With ſweelling ridges, and their ranks began
To breake vpon the galled ſhore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranks
They ioyne, & ſhoot their ſome at SIMOIS banks

To this well painted peece is LVCRECE come,
To find a face where all diſtreſſe is ſteld,
Many ſhe ſees, where cares haue carued ſome,
But none where all diſtreſſe and dolor dweld,
Till ſhe diſpairing HECVBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In

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In her the Painter had anathomiz'd
Times ruine, Beauties wracke, & grim Cares raigne,
Her cheeks with chops and wrinckles were disguiz'd,
Of what she was, no semblance did remaine:
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euerie vaine,
Wãting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had fed
Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead.

On this sad shadow LVCRECE spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruell foes.
The Painter was no God to lend her those,
And therfore LVCRECE swears he did her wrõg,
To giue her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore instrument (quoth she) without a sound,
Ile tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balme in PRIAMS painted wound,
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;
And with my teares quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this sturre,
That with my nayles her beautie I may teare:
Thy heat of lust, fond PARIS, did incurre
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here.
And here in Troy for trespasse of thine eye,
The Sire, the Son, the Dame and Daughter die.

Why

Why ſhould the priuate pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publike plague of many moe?
Let ſinne alone committed, light alone
Vpon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſſe ſoules be freed from guiltie woe.
For ones offence why ſhould ſo many fall?
To plague a priuate ſinne in generall.

Lo here weeps HECVBA, here PRIAM dies,
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYTVS ſounds,
Here friend by friend in bloudy channell lies:
And friend to friend giues vnaduiſed wounds,
And one mans luſt theſe many liues confounds.
Had doting PRIAM checkt his ſonnes deſire,
TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps TROYES painted woes,
For ſorrow, like a heauy hanging bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his owne waight goes,
Then little ſtrength rings out the dolefull knell:
So LVCRECE, ſet a worke, ſad tales doth tell
To penſeld penſiueneſſe, & colour'd ſorrow, (row.
She lends them words, & ſhe their looks doth bor-

She throwes her eyes about the painted round,
And who ſhe finds forlorne ſhe doth lament:
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes to Phrygian ſhepheards lent,
His face, though full of cares, yet ſhew'd content,
Onward to Troy with the blunt ſwaines he goes.
So mild, that patience ſeem'd to ſcorne his woes.

In

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In him the Painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceipt, and giue the harmeleſſe ſhow
An humble gate, calme lookes, eyes wayling ſtill,
A brow vnbent that ſeem'd to welcome wo,
Cheekes, neither red, nor pale, but mingled ſo,
That bluſhing red, no guiltie inſtance gaue,
Nor aſhie pale, the feare that falſe hearts haue.

But like a conſtant and confirmed Deuill,
He entertain'd a ſhow, ſo ſeeming iuſt,
And therein ſo enſconc't his ſecret euill,
That Iealouſie it ſelfe could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping craft, and Periurie ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day, ſuch blackfac'd ſtormes,
Or blot with Hel-borne ſin ſuch Saint-like forms.

The well skil'd workeman this mild Image drew
For periur'd SINON, whoſe inchaunting ſtorie
The credulous old PRIAM after ſlew.
Whoſe words like wild fire burnt the ſhining glorie
Of rich built ILLION, that the skies were ſorie,
And little ſtarres ſhot from their fixed places,
Whē their glas fel, wherin they view'd their faces.

This picture ſhee aduiſedly peruſ'd,
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in SINONS was abuſ'd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind ſo ill,
And ſtill on him ſhee gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſignes of truth in his plaine face ſhe ſpied,
That ſhe concludes, the picture was belied.

It

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
(Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:
But TARQVINS shape, came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, shee in that sence forsooke,
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a face should beare a wicked minde.

For euen as subtill SINON here is painted,
So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted.)
To me came TARQVIN armed to beguild
With outward honestie, but yet defild
With inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:
So did ITARQVIN, so my Troy did perish.

Looke, looke how listning PRIAM wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed teares that SINON sheeds,
PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For euery teare he fals a Troyan bleedes:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceedes,
Those round clear pearls of his that moue thy pity
Are balls of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citie.

Such Diuels steale effects from lightlesse hell,
For SINON in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,
These contraries such vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,
So PRIAMS trust false SINONS tears doth flatter
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here

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Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,
Shee teares the senceless SINON with her nailes,
Comparing him to that vnhappie guest,
Whose deede hath made her selfe, her selfe detest,
At last she smilingly with this gives ore,
Foole foole, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
And time doth wearie time with her complayning,
Shee lookes for night, & then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remayning.
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning:
Though woe be heauie, yet it seldome sleepes,
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath ouerslipt her thought,
That shee with painted Images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,
By deepe surmise of others detriment,
Loosing her woes in shews of discontent:
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger comes backe,
Brings home his Lord and other company,
Who finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning blacke,
And round about her teare distained-eye
Blow circles stream'd like Rain-bowes in the skie.
These watergalls in her dim Element,
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.

Which

Which when her ſad beholding husband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes though ſod in teares look'd red and raw,
Her liuely colour kil'd with deadly cares,
He hath no power to aske her how ſhe fares,
Both ſtood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloudleſſe hand,
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent
Hath thee befalne, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet loue, what ſpite hath thy faire colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauineſſe,
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redreſſe.

Three times with ſighes ſhee giues her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhee can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſt to anſwer his deſire,
Shee modeſtlie prepares, to let them knowe
Her Honor is tane priſoner by the Foe,
While COLATINE and his conſorted Lords,
With ſad attention long to heare her wordes.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few wordes (quoth ſhee) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
Where no excuſe can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

Then

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Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head;
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
With shining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cried, awake thou Romane Dame,
And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For some hard fauour'd groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will,
Ile murther straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill
The Lechers in their deed, this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetuall infamie.

With this I did begin to start and crie,
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word.
So should my shame still rest vpon record.
And neuer be forgot in mighty Rome
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE & her groome.

Mine enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)

My bloudie Iudge forbod my toonge to ſpeake,
No rightfull plea might plead for Iuſtice there.
His ſcarlet Luſt came euidence to ſweare
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the Iudge is rob'd the priſoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuſe,
Or (at the leaſt) this refuge let me finde,
Though my groſſe bloud be ſtaind with this abuſe,
Immaculate, and ſpotleſſe is my mind,
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclind
To acceſſarie yeeldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poyſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopeleſſe Marchant of this loſſe,
With head inclin'd, and voyce dam'd vp with wo,
With ſad ſet eyes and wretched armes acroſſe,
From lips new waxen pale, beginsto blow
The griefe away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo.
But wretched as he is he ſtriues in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haſt:
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,
Backe to the ſtraite that forſt him on ſo faſt:
In rage ſent out, recald in rage being paſt,
Euen ſo his ſighes, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puſh griefe on, and back the ſame griefe draw.

Which ſpeechleſſe woe of his poore ſhee attendeth,
And his vntimely frenzie thus awaketh,
Deare Lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power, no floud by raining ſlaketh,

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My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling painfull, let it then ſuffice
To drowne one woe, one paire of weeping eyes,

And for my ſake when I might charme thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy LVCRECE, now attend me,
Be ſodainly reuenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his owne, ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt, the helpe that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die.
"For ſparing Iuſtice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with COLATINE,)
Shall plight your Honorable faiths to me,
With ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire deſigne,
To chaſe Iniuſtice with reuengeful armes, (harms.
Knights by their oaths ſhould right poore Ladies

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent Lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in Knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to heare the hatefull foe bewraid.
But ſhe that yet her ſad taske hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops, ô ſpeake, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced ſtaine be wip'd from me.

What is the quality of mine offence
Being conſtrain'd with dreadfull circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the foule act diſpence
My low declined honour to aduaunce?
May any termes acquit me from this chance?
The poyſoned fountaine cleares it ſelfe againe,

And why not I from this compelled ſtaine?

With this they all at once began to ſay,
Her bodies ſtaine, he mind vntainted cleares,
While with a ioyleſſe ſmile, ſhe turnes away
The face, that map which deepe impreſſion beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with teares.
No no, quoth ſhe, no Dame hereafter liuing,
By my excuſe ſhall claime excuſes giuing.

Here with a ſigh, as if her heart would breake, (ſayes
She throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, ſhe
But more then he, her poore tongue could not ſpeak,
Till after many accents and delayes,
Vntimely breathings, ſicke and ſhort aſſayes,
She vtters this: he he, faire Lords, tis he
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here ſhe ſheathed in her harmeleſſe breaſt
A harmefull knife, that thence her ſoule vnſheathed,
That blow did bayle it from the deepe vnreſt
Of that polluted priſon where it breathed:
Her contrite ſighes vnto the cloudes bequeathed
Her winged ſprite, & through her wounds doth fly
Lifes laſting date from cancel'd deſtinie.

Stone ſtil, aſtoniſht with this deadly deed.
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crue,
Till LVCRECE father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelfe, on her ſelf-ſlaughtred body threw,
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew
The murdrous knife, and as it left the place,
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chace.

And bubling from her breaſt, it doth deuide

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In two slow riuers, that the crimson bloud
Circles her body in on euery side,
Who like a late sack't Iland vastly stood
Bare and vnpeopled in this fearfull flood.
Some of her bloud still pure and red remain'd,
And som look'd black, & that false TARQVIN stain'd

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted place;
And euer since as pitying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud some waterie token showes,
And bloud vntainted, still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here depriued,
If in the child the fathers image lies,
Where shall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædecease progenitours,
We are their off-spring, and they none of ours.

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
In thy sweete semblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirrour dim and old,
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,
O from thy cheeks my image thou hast torne,
And shiuerd all the beauty of my glasse,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive:
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue?
The old Bees die, the young possesse their hiue,
Then liue sweet LVCRECE, liue againe and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame.
And bids LVCRETIVS giue his sorrow place,
And then in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding streame
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.
Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
Who made that sorrow should his vse controll,
Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poore harts aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime TARQVIN was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore:
This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.
At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore:
Then sonne and father weepe with equall strife,
Who should weepe most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
The father sayes, she's mine, ô mine she is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say

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He weepes for her, for ſhee was onely mine,
And onely muſt be wail'd by COLATINE.

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that life
Which ſhe to earely and too late hath ſpil'd.
Woe woe, quoth COLATINE, ſhee was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that ſhee hath kil'd.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The diſperſt aire, who holding LVCRECE life,
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife frō LVCRECE ſide
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies ſhow,
Hee with the Romains was eſteemed ſo
As ſeelie ieering idiots are with kings,
For ſportiue words, and vttring fooliſh things.

But now he throwes that ſhallow habit by,
wherein deepe pollicy did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduiſedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eyes.
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe,
Let my vnſounded ſelfe ſuppoſd a foole,
Now ſet thy long experienc't wit to ſchoole,

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe grieuous deeds?
Is it reuenge to giue thy ſelfe a blow,
For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleedes?
Such childiſh humor from weake minds proceedes,
Thy wretched wife miſtooke the matter ſo,
To ſlaie her ſelfe that ſhould haue ſlaine her Foe.

Couragi-

Couragious Romane do not steepe thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneele with me and help to beare thy part,
To rouse our Roman Gods with inuocations,
That they will suffer these abhominations,
(Since Rome her selfe in thē doth stand disgraced
By our strōg Arms frō forth her faire streets chased.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so vniustly stained,
By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,
By all our countrie rites in Rome maintained,
And by chaste LVCRECE soule that late complained
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudy knife,
We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he stroke his hand vpon his breast,
And kist the fatall knife to end his vow:
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,
Who wondring at him, did his words allow.
Then ioyntly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this aduised doome,
They did conclude to bear dead LVCRECE thence,
To shew her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish TARQVINS foule offence;
Which being done, with speedy diligence
The Romaines pausibly did giue consent,
To TARQVINS euerlasting banishment.

FINIS.

THE GHOST of Lucrece

By T. M. Gent.



AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes.
1600.